

# The Fairfield Herald.

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## THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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### Captured by Telegraph

During the winter of 1869, I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at D—, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Omaha runs through D—, and was a railroad office, we often sent the great irregular night trains and business messages; and if I did as constant danger of collision resulted now I should probably get rid of them, rendered the position of night operator by no means further trouble. But in my short easy one. It may be well to mention conversation with him I had some time here as necessary to the fact that recovered from my first alarm, knowing story, that besides the rail and I now conceived the idea of at-road office there was also at D—, a business office of the Union Company. This was always spoke of as the "down-town office."

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and for a wonder, idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair listening to the wind outside and reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation. The eastern train had crossed the river more than an hour ago; all the depot officials had gone off to home, and so far as I knew I was entirely alone in the vast building. Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had occurred fifty miles up the river on the previous night. Three passengers, well known as desperate characters in that vicinity, had entered the cottage of one Matthews, a farmer living in an isolated spot—had butchered the farmer and his children, terribly maltreated his wife, and then departed as they came, having taken with them whatever plunder was handy. What interested me most was a full description, for purposes of identification of the chief of the villainous trio, Tim Lynch. Here it is:

\$500 reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ring leader of the Matthews tragedy. Lynch is a remarkably large man, six feet four inches in height, very heavy, and broad across the shoulders. Eyes greenish gray, with a deep scar over the right one. Hair very black, and beard of same color. When last seen he was dressed in black Kossuth hat, faded army overcoat, pants of grey jeans, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts.

(Signed) Sheriff of — County. At the very instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and then the door opened, and there entered—Tim Lynch! The moment I set eyes upon him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all his life. The army overcoat and grey pants tucked into the heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders, the slouched hat pulled down over his right eye to conceal—I was sure—the scar; above all, a desperate, hunted look in his facialding countenance—all were not to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had stepped forward, pulled off his hat to show the scar and told me his name.

To say that I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone in the depot with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit I arose and asked him to be seated. While he turned to comply I succeeded in conquering my agitation to some extent. He drew a chair modestly forward, and sitting down threw open his coat, displaying as he did a heavy navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, and spoke:

"Young feller," he said, motioning with his head toward the battery, "that thar machine is what yer call a telegram. I s'pose?"

"Well," I answered, with a faint smile, intended to be conciliatory, "that's what we send telegrams by."

"Wal, I want you to send a message to a friend of mine out in Cohoe. I tell yer afore hand I hain't got no collateral. But I kinder guess you'd better trust me, young feller." (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt.) "I'll fetch it in ter morrow if its convenient."

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end by his friend.

"Umph! Plaguiery little you'll get o' Jim Ireckon. Howsumdyever, proceed."

"What is the message, and to

whom is it to go to?"

"I want you to tell Jim Fellers, of Cohoe, that the ball quit here last night, and ther sheep'll be close oh his heels."

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as if he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:

"I suppose you are a dealer in stock and this is your partner? Ah! sir, the telegraph helps you fellows out with many a sharp bargain."

"Y'es," he answered, slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. "Y'es that's um, I'm sendin' down a lot o' stock. Bought it dog cheap over in Genesee, yesterday. Party lot as ever you see."

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? I thought ours Omaha runs through D—, and was a railroad office, we often sent the great irregular night trains and business messages; and if I did as constant danger of collision resulted now I should probably get rid of them, rendered the position of night operator by no means further trouble. But in my short easy one. It may be well to mention conversation with him I had some time here as necessary to the fact that recovered from my first alarm, knowing story, that besides the rail and I now conceived the idea of at-road office there was also at D—, a business office of the Union Company. This was always spoke of as the "down-town office."

"A h'ere, young feller," he hissing my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor. "p'ets you mean well enough—I hope do for yer own sake. But I do understand both'n bout thent'grams, and I ist want ter tell yer I better be s'p'ar' for the eternal God! ef ye go back so, I'll stretch you on this yere, as stiff as ever I did a man. I'll f'el the cold muzzle of his r'ever on my cheek. Terhaps you've trembled a little, but I was still staved in my resolution as I replied:

"No fear, sir, I'll tell him all about a stock." He muttered something to himself and still remained standing over me. You've heard, perhaps, how much action and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch. Ay, there were dozens of different gestures communicating with office and I could tell at the instant without ever making a mistake. It was signalling. You could if a man was nervous from his graphing just as well as you could from his handwriting. The call I sent hurrying across the State and bluff must have rung out on the ears of the operator at Cohoe.

"C. B. you there?" was what I asked. Almost instantly came a reply in affirmative. "Then with your hand, I rattled off my message for the boss of God telegrapher or down town office at once. Then that Tim Lynch is within f'et of me, and they must send."

A sort of, as though my message seemed some surprise, and then came the response. "All right," whispered me I need not repeat.

"Wal, ef the deep voice of Lynch, 'n' going to send my message?"

"What! Ef that tickin' mean what I told?"

"Y'es, and I will wait fifteen or twenty m'ns you will get an answer."

"Wal, I duns I want an answer, Jim, understand it's all right."

"But I'll tell you whether he is there or sit down."

So Lynch faintly took his seat, looking out at the doors and windows on a while in an uneasy way. I determined to take him now or cost; and I verily believe I'd have planted myself in his pad he insisted upon going now.

"Tick, tick, tick!" the battery called out I listened to the message. "cool. Goud has gone for there." Strange it was, wasn't it that I should sit there and through two hundred and fifties of space with a man not a mile from me.

"What's that s'y?" inquired my companion, looking at me; and I replied the clerk at

Cohoe had just written off the message and sent it out. He seemed satisfied and settled back in his chair, where he sat in sullen silence, his jaws going up and down as he chewed his weed.

Oh, how slow the five minutes crept along. The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many months. My companion seemed nervous too. He moved uneasily in his chair.

"Ain't it about time yo heard from Jim?" he asked, at length. "We shall get word from him in a few moments now," I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:

"I don't believe I'll wait any more. I've got to see a man down at the Pennsylvania House, and he'll be abed if I don't git thar pretty soon."

"Hold on a moment and I'll see what they're up to," I cried hastily, and I leaped the key again. "Make haste," was my message. "I shall lose him if you do not. Not a moment to spare. Straightway came the reply, short but encouraging: 'A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago.' Thank heaven! They ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch and thought of the five hundred dollars.

"Wal, what's the word?" he growled, impatiently. "Your friend is coming," I answered for want of a better reply.

"Comin' Comin' What?"

"Coming to the office at Cohoe. He probably has an answer for you."

"An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for?" Lynch stood in stupid thought for a moment and then he looked at me with a dangerous light in his eyes. "Look a h'ere, young feller," he cried. "It's my private opinion you're lyin' to me. And ef ye are, there's n't a horrible oath—I'll cut your skulkin' heart out. I don't know anything bout that thar machine, but I swear Jim Fellers hain't got nothing to answer. More like he'd git up and scatter when he heard that message."

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words his hand on his revolver. I cannot account for it. As I before remarked, I am a timid man by nature. But this action only made me bolder. Every thing depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at any cost. I tried a new plan.

"What do you mean, sir?" I shouted rising, "by coming into this office and talking in that style? Do you think I'll endure it? Leave this room at once, sir, or I'll—, and I advanced threateningly toward him. My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else, but I silenced his suspicions. He put his hands in his pockets and delivered a loud laugh in my face.

"Wal, wal my battum, ye needn't git so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had such spunk? Haw! haw! haw! Why I could chaw you up 'bout makin' two bites of ye."

"Well, sir," I said, still apparently unimpressed, "either sit down and hold your tongue, or else leave the office." And he good naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking of the clock as the minutes dragged their slow length along. Would help never come? Three minutes more. Great heavens! The suspense was becoming intolerable. I must go to the stairs and listen, if I die for it. I arose and took a step toward the door, but a voice stopped me.

"Hold!" shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicions aroused once more; "yer can't go out of that door afore me. Come back here!"

"Come back here, or by the Eternal—," and the pistol muzzle looked me in the face. He stood now half turned from the door and I was facing it. Slowly, without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! Help had come! I felt joy uncontrollable come over me. I must keep the murderer's attention an instant longer till some one could spring upon him from behind. I walked straight up to him, but his quick ear had caught a movement behind. As he turned with an oath I sprang upon him and bore down his arm just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself harmlessly in the floor. Before he could free himself from my grasp, half a dozen officers were upon him and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer, and praises of my conduct. The principal business men of the town made up a purse of five hundred dollars and presented it to me; and this, with the reward that was paid me the following week, enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I

shudder at the remembrance of that half hour I spent alone with Tim Lynch; and I don't think one thousand dollars would tempt me to go through it again.

### WHY LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED.

How John Wilkes Booth Avoided the Hanging of His Friend, John Y. Beal. FROM TOMORROW'S DEMOCRAT.

Among the chosen friends of John Wilkes Booth's boyhood was a dashing, chivalrous young man named John Y. Beal, whose home was in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley not far from Winchester. Damon and Pythias were not more attached to each other than were Booth and Beal. Beal was Southern in his sympathies, and planned raids on Northern cities, and at last was captured at or near Buffalo, tried for piracy on Northern lakes, and sentenced to be hanged on Bedloe's Island.

One afternoon, in the city of Washington, while Beal was under sentence of death, there alighted from a carriage two men, who walked into the room occupied by Washington McLean of Cincinnati, who was at the time in Washington in the interest of his business. These men who called were Senator Hale of New Hampshire and John Wilkes Booth. Booth was anxious to save the life of Beal, his chum and confidential personal friend. He had interested Mr. Hale in his behalf.

They importuned McLean to go with them to the President, as a Democrat—as a friend of Booth—as a man who had much influence with Mr. Lincoln, and to vouch with Mr. Hale for any promises Booth might make in return for this great favor to him. After a protracted interview, McLean accompanied Hale and Booth in a carriage to the residence of John W. Forney, who was then in bed, the hour being late. Forney was awakened from his sleep and told the object of his call. His sympathies were enlisted, and he was always ready to serve his friends.

It was an hour or more past midnight when Hale, Forney, McLean and Booth were driven to the White House. The guard, at the request of Forney, admitted the carriage to the grounds. Mr. Lincoln was called from his sleep and there in the dead of night he sat and listened to the prayers of Booth and the entreatments of those who came with him to ask the favor of Executive clemency.

This interview lasted till 4 in the morning. It was one of tears, prayers and petitions. There was not a dry eye in the room as Booth knelt at the feet of Lincoln, clasped his knees with his hands, and begged him to spare the life of one man—a personal friend who, in serving the one he loved, had come to the door of death.

Booth told all. He told how, long before, in a fit of passion to do some bold deed, he had joined in a conspiracy to abduct the president and to hold him as a hostage for the release of certain military prisoners who were Booth's friends, and who, he thought, were to be shot. He told of the meetings they had held at the house of Mrs. Strutt, and of all that had fallen to the ground long before. He offered his services at any time and in any place or capacity, free of cost and without any consequences. The eminent gentlemen who were there with him joined in the request that the prayer of Booth be granted, and that Beal should be pardoned.

At last President Lincoln, with tears streaming down his face, took Booth by the hands, bade him rise and stand like a man, and gave him his promise that Beal should be pardoned. He asked the party to depart that he might gain rest for the work of the morrow, and said that the official document that he asked for should be forwarded at once to United States Marshal Robert Murray, in New York, and through him to the officers charged with the execution of Beal.

After breakfast Lincoln informed Seward, Secretary of State, what he had done or promised to do. Seward said that it must not be that public sentiment in the North demanded that Beal should be hanged. He declared that to pardon Beal would discourage enlistments, lengthen the war, and insult the sentiment that called for blood. He chided Lincoln for making such promises without asking the advice of his Cabinet, or advising with himself, Seward, on State policy.

As the argument grew contentious, Seward declared that if the conduct of the war was to be trifled with by appeals for humanity he should go out of the Cabinet and use his influence against the President, and should charge him with being in sympathy with the South. Lincoln yielded and Beal was executed. The reaction on Lincoln's nervous system was such that for days he was far from well.

The effect on Booth was terrible. He raved like a madman, and in his frenzy swore that Lincoln and Seward should both pay for the grief and agony he had been put to. From the death of Beal, Booth brooded vengeance for that which he considered a personal affront. His rage took in Seward, and he en-

gaged Harold, Atserodt and others to avenge Beal's death by killing Seward, while he, Booth, wreaked human vengeance on the President.

At last came the hour. Booth killed Lincoln. His friends and the relatives or avengers of Beal tried their best to kill Seward, and when they left him stabbed, bleeding, and limp as a cloth, as he rolled over behind the bed whereon they found him, they supposed their work was completely done.

Our story is told. We have given the truth of history, and told exactly why Abraham Lincoln, the humane President of this United States, was killed.

### LEGENDS OF THE HUDSON.

The Story of the Flying Dutchman and the Headless Horseman.

The Tappan sea, before "Sunny-side," on the Hudson river, has its legends. One of these is a match for that of the phantom ship of the South Atlantic. A thousand sailors have declared that they have seen that ship and its master when passing the cape of Good Hope. The story is that a plucky Dutch captain, having long breathed headwinds, swore a fearful oath that he would beat around the cape, if it took him until the day of judgment. He has been beating ever since—a phantom known as the Flying Dutchman.

Rambout Van Dam, a roystering, young Dutchman of Spuyt den Deyel, crossed the Tappan sea on Saturday night in his boat to attend a quilting frolic on its western shore. He drank, danced, and caroused until midnight, when he entered his boat to return. He was warned that it was on the verge of Sunday morning. He swore a fearful oath that he would not land until he reached Spuyt den Deyel, if it took him a month of Sundays. He pushed from shore, and was never seen after wards; but he might be heard by sailors on the lonely waters at midnight in never-ending voyages between Spuyt den Deyel and the western shore—the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan sea.

Beyond the broad grassy bay just above Tarrytown, where was once deep water for the anchorage of large vessels, may be seen Castle Philippe, and a little further on, a quaint looking building of stone and brick with a small cupola, close by a cemetery. This is the famous Sleepy Hollow Church that figures in Irving's legend. It was built in 1699 by Frederick Philippe, the first lord of the manor, and Catherine Van Courlandt, in commemoration of their marriage. In it, according to the legend, Ichabod Crane, the Connecticut schoolmaster, led the singers of psalms on the Sabbath; and near it flows the placid Pocantico, at the bridge over which, by the church, Ichabod had his direful encounter with the goblin known as the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow."

The legend is too well known to need full repetition here. Suffice it to say that Ichabod loved Katrina Van Tassel, and so did Brom Bones, a stout young Dutchman. Ichabod lingered one night at the breaking up of a party at Van Tassel's to say a soft word or two to Katrina, and then mounted his lean horse, Gunpowder, and departed for home. Near the bridge he discovered a horseman just behind him, who carried his head on the pommel of his saddle. Ichabod spurred on, and when he had crossed the bridge, and thought himself safe, he looked back to see the goblin vanish. At that moment the spectator rose in the saddle and threw his head at Ichabod. In another moment the schoolmaster lay sprawling in the dust, and Gunpowder, pursuer, and the dreadful missile all passed like a whirlwind. A broken pumpkin was found at the spot the next morning. Shrewd people guessed that Brom was the "headless horseman" on that occasion. Ichabod was never heard of afterward, and Brom married Katrina.

Scene, a butcher's stand.—"Butcher! Come, John, be lively, now! break the bone in Mr. Brown's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly): "All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

An Illinois juror stuck for "not guilty" in a case where he was positive that the prisoner was guilty. The man owed him forty dollars, and if he went to prison how could he pay?

"Minnie has been to see me to-day," said a little five-year-old, "and she behaved like a little lady." "I hope you did, too," said her mother. "Yes, indeed I did; I turned somersaults for her on my bed."

Some relaxation is necessary to people of every degree; the head that thinks, the hand that labors, must have some leisure to recruit their diminished powers.

Two new breeds of sheep have been introduced into England from the west coast of South America. One is a white woolled sheep, with four horns; the other a dark woolled species, a cross between the llama and the alpaca.

### DOMESTIC HABITS IN FRANCE.

Travelers in France are often puzzled by the curious habits of the country. The people are very social and kind hearted and polite in many ways, but they seldom invite foreign visitors to a meal. That is not their way of showing friendship. When they show special attentions and invite a dinner visitors are perplexed by the curious order and kinds of dishes. Meat comes on without potatoes, and after the meat is removed green peas and salad are served as a separate course. Knives and forks are not changed until the dessert appears, and are sometimes kept through the entire meal. The strong black coffee the close, without either sugar or cream, is rarely palatable to ladies. To complete the bewilderment of guests, the lady of the house will often excuse herself after dinner and go out for a promenade. Chambers' Journal gives an amusing account of some Scotch ladies visiting Paris—very prim and precise—who, after passing through an experience of this kind, concluded that the French had no experience in table arrangements and no good manners toward guests. They forgot to make allowances for difference in national customs.

The printing business is the most fascinating and entrancing that man can follow for a livelihood. It is not only an exceedingly pleasant and highly respectable calling, but also very lucrative employment. Large fortunes are constantly being realized by newspaper publishers without the slightest effort, and, take it all in all, it is the easiest way to gain subsistence one can find. Printing debts are almost self-collectable. You never have to ask your pay but once. Everybody is so kind and thoughtful that it is no trouble at all to gather your stamps. Buy a printing office and learn for yourself how truthful are these remarks.

A certain pompous judge fined several lawyers \$10 each for contempt of court. After they had paid their fines, a steady going old attorney walked gravely up to the bench and laid down a \$10 bill. "What is that for?" inquired the judge. "For contempt, your honor." Why I have not fined you for contempt. "I know that," said the attorney, "but I want you to understand I cherish a secret contempt for this court all the time, and I am willing to pay for it."

The Shakers of Nakayama, near Albany, have a most benevolent way of doing business. An ice company applied to them for permission to cut ice from a lake which is on the Shaker property, and offered to pay a good price for the privilege. The Shakers granted the permission, but refused to take any money for it, their principles forbidding the selling of air, water or ice.

An English doctor, traveling in the East, was excessively anxious to increase his reputation at home by learning certain methods of treating disease, of which he had heard wonders. On one occasion, when on the confines of the Great Desert, he asked an old sheikh, "What do you do with the sick people when they can't sleep?" He received the very practical reply, "We set them to watch the camels."

A venerable Doctor of Divinity in Connecticut once gave an excellent general definition of a fluent person in a description of a fluent neighbor. "Brother B. means very well," said the doctor; "he is a sincere and honest man; but he talks faster than he thinks, and he believes what he says because he hasn't got up with it."

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, will meet in the First Presbyterian Church of Savannah, Ga., on the 18th of May, at 11 A. M. The opening sermon will be preached by the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., Moderator of the last Assembly.

It is said that there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk-worm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of the statement can easily satisfy himself by counting them.

Miss Anthony says she waits the ballot if for no other reason in the world than to spite those newspaper scribblers who amuse their small minds by cracking jokes at the expense of womanhood!

When a young man cannot live on his salary, the usual way is for him to live on the salary of some one else.

A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Eskine as he went one day to Westminster Hall with his ample leg crumpled full of briefs. Some vagabond barister hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo's to sell." "No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counselor, "they are all new suits."

Mrs. Mary Lucas, of Raleigh, 81 years of age, has just completed an exquisite point lace handkerchief, which she made without the use of glasses.

### WASHINGTON ITEMS.

A sub-committee has been ordered to investigate the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

In the senate, Sherman submitted a resolution requesting the secretary of war to inform the senate as to the cost of the signal service corps, and to state his views as to the feasibility of transferring that service to the treasury department. Agreed to.

The senate then resolved itself into a court of impeachment for the trial of Belknap. The managers moved that evidence on the jurisdiction of the senate be taken, and that if the defendant's plea to the jurisdiction be overruled, he be required to answer within two days, and the managers have two days in which to reply—at the end of which the trial proceed regularly. Carpenter moved that the trial be postponed till the first Monday in December, and asked an allowance of two hours to each side to argue the question. The time was granted. Blair thought that at this advanced stage of the session there was not time for counsel to prepare, and for the court to do the important question. Judge Black, of counsel for the defendant, said that in the present political excitement it was impossible for the defendant to have a fair trial, though he might have an honest one. The managers made no argument, and the senate retired for consultation. On their return it was announced that Carpenter's motion had been overruled.

The investigations under the direction of the house are still progressing, and important developments may be expected before very long.

Here are the heads of a sermon once preached by a quaint old minister on the text, "Adam, where art thou?" First, all men are somewhere. Secondly, some men are where they ought not to be. Thirdly, if they don't take care, they will find themselves where they had rather not be.

In India, in 1863, one tigress was reported to have killed 127 people and stopped a public road for many weeks. In another case in the central provinces a single tigress caused the desertion of thirteen villages, and 250 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation.

Two working men in a village were heard discussing a new inhabitant. "Is he a gentleman?" inquired one. "Gentleman!" exclaimed the other with unutterable scorn, "I should think not, indeed! why he never owed a hundred dollars in his life!"

The Centennial Executive Committee has issued another circular urging the American people to forward their goods for exhibition at the fair as soon as possible. The buildings are now ready to receive articles in all of the departments, and space is available for all early comers.

Miss Hawk, of New York, wants the legislature to change her name. "This is leap year. Let her swoop down on some male chicken, and make him change it."

There are \$1,000,000 worth of shoe pegs made yearly in the United States, most of them in Massachusetts, requiring 100,000 cubic feet of white birch.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great Baptist preacher of London, has a total membership in his church of 4,813. He is now writing a history of the Tabernacle.

The paroxysm of coughing may often be prevented or cured by using a little dry salt as a gargle. It will stop the tickling in the throat.

One cent per bushel makes a difference of ten millions of dollars in the value of the annual crop of corn in the United States.

Take the world right through, and three-quarters of the human race do not earn their own bread and clothes.

All efforts to make hay by gas-light have failed, but it is discovered that wild oats can be sown under its cheerful rays.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

The wives of India no longer burn themselves to death when a husband dies. Christianity has taught them that it is better to settle up the estate and go for another man.

Take the world right through, and three-quarters of the humans do not earn their own bread and clothes. "This is what makes it so tough on the others."

Some people regard it as singular that a man "who never played cards in his life because it's wicked," will exact fifteen per cent. interest from a widow.

Two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of beer are sold in London daily.